

What Should and What Should Not be Worn.

FROM THE TABLET OF A PARLIAMENTARY LORD OF SOCIETY.

Summary.—The Art of Dressing Well—Bonnet—Trains—The Different Modes of Arranging Them—Stripes—Summer Fabrics—Linen and Mohair Dresses, and How They Should be Trimmed—Suits—Morning Dresses, etc.

There are several ways of being well dressed, and every lady, whatever her means may be, aspires to look elegant, and if she has good taste, however limited her income, she may nevertheless be dressed both gracefully and with effect. We shall give our readers to-day some good advice, which will help them, we trust, in the choice of their toilets. A lady should always choose the newest shape, the last thing in material, and the garment seen for the first time. Novelty costs money, it is true, but this difficulty may be overcome by adopting a garment which becomes more the fashion the longer it is worn. Those ladies who last year when points were the fashion, had their dresses made with them and half-tight sleeves, had at present bodies which it is impossible to wear, whilst those who adopted in all their freshness the cut with tight sleeves are arrayed in the mode. All novelties do not become general, but the delicate intuition with which a woman is gifted should tell her what to adopt and what to reject.

Those who take the lead in all matters of fashion, and aim at being considered oracles in all that concerns elegance and style, wear the smallest possible bonnet, and a small bouillon of tulle across the forehead, with wreaths and chains of flowers to complete the coiffure. Those who follow with a more timid step, but still wish to pay homage to the fickle goddess, wear the rounded shape, which is really but a modification of the Empire bonnet, or the French bonnet, which was the last year. Others who do not change their head-gear every month, and who like to have some covering upon their heads when they walk abroad, keep to the Empire bonnet only just a little more rounded off at the sides than last season. All the various shapes of which we have spoken are seen in all kinds of fancy straw and fancy crinoline, the latter of all colors, pink, blue, mauve, and maize color being the favorite tints. It is in good taste to wear ribbons of the same color and white flowers upon a colored crinoline bonnet. A small quantity of black lace looks well in the trimming.

What we have just said about the different shapes worn in bonnets just now might also apply to dresses. The length of the train appears to be the criterion of elegance. Ladies of fashion wear it full one yard trailing on the ground, and those whose tastes are simpler wear it as many inches shorter as they think proper. There are two ways of cutting a gored skirt. The first is to leave the front and back widths uncut, and to slant off the side ones only; the back is then plaited. The second is to place two gored widths at the back, so as to have a seam in the middle, which forms a pigeon's-tail-shaped train at the back, and requires much less material. In this case an uncut width is placed on either side, the others as usual. We prefer the first method, which makes a more ample and graceful train. The usual width of a dress is now about two yards at the top, six yards at the bottom, no plaits at all in front, double plaits at the back, and sometimes at the sides.

The new materials for the summer are mostly striped. A new kind of mohair is called Sultana; these are some of the prettiest patterns: A white ground, with stripes formed of fine, broad, and narrow stripes of blue, or green lines; colored stripes about half an inch wide, bordered on either side with a line of bright maize color upon a gray ground; the stripe may be blue, violet, etc. The new lines dresses have also colored stripes upon a speckled gray-and-white ground.

There are clearer fabrics for the summer. A new sort of barege, called Byzantine, in all shades of color; another the texture of which appears to be plaited; the canvas grenadine, which is pretty in black, trimmed with a border worked in black or white beads upon the skirt, bodice, and sleeves. Black gimp stuffed with small chalk beads is also very fashionable for trimming not only black but colored dresses.

Entirely white lines and mohair will be much worn by young ladies, both married and unmarried, this summer; the white dress and cascade will be trimmed with colored silk cord, or gimp cord, ribbons covered with white Chantilly guipure, or stripes of violet, blue, green, or pink silk, piped round and placed in various ways upon the skirt and cascade, with silk buttons to match. A pretty way of trimming a cascade of a large dress is this: Place a narrow plaited blouse, more than two inches wide, about ten inches from the bottom, then let it come down gradually on either side, and then round the lower edge at the back; it will thus simulate a tunic. The blouse may be edged at the top with gimp cord, beads, ribbon, or lace. But this only looks well in very clear materials; finer tissues, such as lines, mohair, etc., should be trimmed only with flat ornaments, such as stripes of silk, ribbon, gimp, fancy braids, and so on. A very deep Grecian pattern formed of stripes of dark blue and white round the bottom of the skirt. For instance, a dress of pearl-gray mohair was trimmed with a deep Grecian pattern, composed of a strip of blue silk, edged on either side with very small white pearl beads. Another, of white and black lines, was ornamented with a pattern in the same style, but of violet and eteal of blue silk, with small black instead of white beads. A cascade of the same material was trimmed round with a smaller pattern to correspond.

The most elegant style of toilet is the dress, cascade, and underskirt of the same material. The skirt of the dress is looped up in front, on either side, with rosettes or gimp ornaments; the long train at the back is then thrown over one arm, and walking. This will probably become a general fashion, no porteur being now sufficient to keep up the length of skirt effect. The skirt of the fitting over garment makes it very easy to take up the skirt, and it is not graceful. Crinolines are now reduced to being gored petticoats, with two or three circles of steel round the bottom, and even these are dispensed with altogether, two or three starched white petticoats replacing the crinoline. The new fashion suits most figures; it is especially becoming to those who are not very tall, and rather inclining to embonpoint. As for tall, slight figures, they always look well; the only question for them is to put on a sufficient quantity of under-petticoats.

White morning dresses are now taking the place of the elegant winter cashmere robe-de-chambre. Here is a description of a pretty pattern we have seen lately: It is a morning dress of white cambric, open in front and trimmed with white strip of insertion, embroidered upon muslin, edged on either side with a row of open hem-stitch, and neatly stitched on to the cambric. The bodice is out at the same time with the skirt, but has a small position basque at the back, and is trimmed with narrow stripes of insertion of the same pattern as the wide one; the basque and small collar and cuffs are edged with Valenciennes lace. Two long lappets are fastened on under the basque and tied in a bow in front. These lappets are embroidered and edged with lace. Another pattern for a morning dress consists of a skirt trimmed in front with an insertion, arranged in a diamond pattern, and a loose jacket trimmed to match, and edged round with lace. Both skirt and jacket are of white muslin, and should be worn over a white slip with a low bodice and short sleeves. It is quite the latest in Paris to be at home to receiving morning calls in muslin or cambric dresses of this style. The toilet will be more elegant if the strips of insertion are lined with colored silk. A pretty cap, with ribbons to match, will be required.

Morning caps are generally made of the Empire shape.

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

Condensed News Items.

Judge Read, of Opelousas, has been arrested and sent to New Orleans for refusing to execute the Civil Rights bill.

A tournament, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to charitable purposes will take place at Huntsville, Ala., on the 26th inst.

Gen. Kilpatrick is accused of having taken an abandoned woman to Chili and introduced her into society. If the charge be substantiated he will be removed.

General Sweeney publishes an address to the Fenians, in which he defends his course in his recent raid on Canada. He recommends a reinvigoration of circles, and the formation of military companies by the members, under their chosen leaders. He dates his address at St. Albans, Vt.

A Columbia (S. C.) dispatch of the 4th says Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett, a distinguished citizen of this State, was shot yesterday while going to his plantation near Charleston. He received two wounds from a double-barrelled shot-gun. About twenty minutes after receiving the wound he fell from his horse and died. It is not known definitely who the murderers were, but it is supposed to be a negro who had expressed strong animosity against the family.

We find the following card of request in the Memphis Commercial of Tuesday:

The former personal and political friends of the late Wm. T. Haskell are requested to forward to his widow (Mrs. Paralee Haskell), care of Dr. Collins, State Female College, Shelby county, any documents, letters, or other papers of his composition, now in their possession, with a view to their embodiment in a memoir of the eminent statesman, shortly to be published. Nashville, Knoxville and Louisville, as well as all papers in West Tennessee, are requested to publish this notice.

A well-attested case of trichiniasis has been reported in Linn county, Iowa. A family of nine persons had eaten of trichiniasis ham, which had not been cooked at all; they all sickened, and six of them died. A post-mortem examination exposed trichinae, and portions of the tissues containing them were sent to and examined by many surgeons. It is stated that the average number of worms found in the various pieces of flesh submitted to three surgeons was 200,000 to the cubic inch. This case has been thoroughly examined, and appears to be the most thoroughly authenticated case of trichiniasis in the United States.

It is stated that the Welsh coal field has been tapped at various parts by mines, and there can be no doubt that a first-class layer of stone coal exists there, 20 miles in superficial area, with an average thickness of 30 feet. Every cubic yard of this vast field contains a ton of coals. About 150,000,000 tons have been extracted, and the annual extract at the present time is about 8,000,000. At this rate, the coal field will last upwards of 13,000 years. The north of England coal field, which has been worked for nearly 2,000 years, and shows no signs of exhaustion, is not to be compared with the Welsh field in point of magnitude. The latter has not been known more than 30 years.

IN TROUBLE.—A week or two since a white man, or rather a brute, named W. A. Johnson, married a thick-lipped negro woman in Nashville. The marriage rite was performed by the reverend Mr. Nelson, G. Merry, at the First Baptist Church. The loving pair were arrested and placed in the lock-up. Subsequently the officiating minister was arrested, and brought before the Recorder to answer the charge of violating the State laws against amalgamation.

"The Court," says the Press and Times, "in rendering a decision, said that the case was not of ordinary occurrence, and was of great importance to the community. He thought the testimony justified a commitment, and he would require a bond, in the sum of \$1,000, for the accused to appear before the Criminal Court to answer the charge preferred."

Merry gave the required bond, and the case will come up for trial at the next term of the Criminal Court.

Two French gentlemen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, etc., of the island. They found that the long day, extending over several months, during which the sun never sets, became intensely hot after a month or two, by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The north pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island and it is thought by the two explorers, and by many others, that the pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without any great difficulties being encountered. A singular fact noticed by the explorers in connection with this island is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition and kinds of these floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the Arctic seas.

Philadelphia National Convention—Tennessee Delegates.

At a meeting of the Conservative men of the State held in Nashville on Saturday the following nominations were made and unanimously approved:

For Middle Tennessee—Judge John S. Brien and Jordan Stokes, with E. H. East and John Lillyett as alternatives.

For East Tennessee—Col. John Baker, with Col. John Netherland as alternative.

The following gentlemen were appointed members of Executive Committees for the three divisions of the State:

For West Tennessee—F. S. Heplek, John Williams, Robert Armstrong, John M. Fleming, A. Bizzard, James Britton, Jr., Abner Jackson, Thomas Crutcher, Gideon M. Hozen.

For Middle Tennessee—John S. Brien, John C. Grant, F. W. Maxey, Henry Watkinson, E. H. East, W. M. Matt, Brown, F. C. Cunningham, T. J. Smiley.

For East Tennessee—W. K. Poston, Henry Brown, Phil Glenn, Sam. Walker, M. S. Temple, Wm. M. Farrington, R. S. Sanders.

On motion of Mr. Cheatham, the meeting adjourned sine die.

MEMORY.

"In hours of sadness, when no one is near me, 'And memories come of the dear long ago, How pleasant to think there were some to endure us In days that are passed, though they ended in woe. When sat on the world, deserted and dreary, The light of the pleasure we cherished with dawn, How sweet—pensive sweet—how it makes the heart heavy To live again the days that are gone."

Like some sweet, yet, solemn strains of music, the memory of the past steals over us, and we are borne on the swift wings of fancy far down the dim vista of bygone years, when all joyous and happy, we basked in the sunlight of earlier days, and with the loving and loved spent the happy day. And, as the wheels of Time rolled backward, and memory's gentle wand calls up each cherished scene of the dear old long ago, we become entranced by the strange magic spell and lost in dreams of retrospection. We seem to travel down the sunny aisles of youth, and gambol in the flowery paths of that fairy land where life was but one fair scene of enchantment, and care and anxiety had not left their saddened impress on our young and tender hearts.

Indeed, these were days full of love and hope to us all, and which must ever form the brightest chapter in departing pleasure, and one to which amid the bustle and turmoil of life, our thoughts will wander back as the fairest and dearest of our existence, the veridical spot in life's desert wilderness. But alas! our pathway is not strewn unto the end with flowers, and there are reminiscences full of much that is bitter and false to each of us—memories that we cannot shut out from view, and which rise from out the shadowy past, and throw a veil of gloom over the sunshine of happier days. Aye, there are recollections we cannot obliterate, hallowed reminiscences of those "happy hours"—of the faithless and false—of blighted hopes and dreams forever set, that time can never efface. And I would not, if I could, break the golden chain that binds them to us, and links us to the past. I would not, if I could, dispel the mystic charm which memory brings, or lose one happy vision; for, oh, do they not bring echoes of "olden times," voices of other days, and carry us back to scenes, that cannot come again? Yes, 'tis sweet to remember each eventful page in life's receding volume; the joys, sorrows and griefs alike that swell life's current to a flood.

"I would to remember! and I might not destroy The hallow-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy, Which springs from that fountain to gladden our way, When the changed and faithless desert and betray, I would not forget, though my thoughts should be dark, O'er the ocean of life I look back from my ark, And I see the lost Eden where once I was bliss, A type and a promise of heavenly rest."

A Machinist's Wife Receives a Legacy of \$35,000,000—The Richest Woman in America.

From the Hartford Courant. Mrs. M. E. Walker, a woman of fortune, is well illustrated in the experience of a worthy family in this city, who have suddenly found themselves raised from that condition in society where people are said to live in "moderate circumstances," to the highest pinnacle of wealth. The facts are these: Mrs. E. Walker, residing at No. 100 Maple avenue, is a woman of English birth. Her husband, who is a machinist by trade, and herself have resided here for a number of years, and have several children. It was reported some months ago that an estate, valued at \$35,000,000, had fallen to Mrs. Walker's father, as a direct heir, and he being dead, that the whole amount belonged to her as his only child. Steps were at once taken to ascertain the truth of this report, and ex-Governor T. H. Seymour was employed to investigate. The result of his investigation is entirely favorable to Mrs. Walker, documents having been received which show beyond question that she will come in possession of this immense property, and she, together with her husband and children, will start for England next week to receive the golden egg.

It is said that upon a full settlement of all matters connected with this extraordinary "stroke of luck" Mrs. Walker will return to Hartford and make her permanent residence here. Rumor hath it that she will erect upon some eligible site a magnificent mansion, following the style of the grand villas and castles of "Merrie" England, which shall excel in grandeur the most costly of American palaces.

But the lady has probably not given any permission to make such a statement. It is more reasonable to suppose that some owner, thrilled by the intelligence of the "windfall," has allowed his imagination to picture, as Melotte pictured to Pauline, a fairy palace with marble halls by the Lake of Como. Yet it would not be surprising if the fortunate possessor of thirty-five millions in real estate should make one family at least, in whom she is interested, independent of want, and we shall probably be called upon hereafter to chronicle other charitable deeds that her generosity will prompt.

We congratulate Mrs. Walker and her family upon their good fortune. She will be, when in full possession of her property, the richest woman in the United States. But she is said to be a woman of good sense, and will not place herself beyond the reach of those who have been her friends during the years she has lived here. Already we learn that it is her purpose to make one family at least, in whom she is interested, independent of want, and we shall probably be called upon hereafter to chronicle other charitable deeds that her generosity will prompt.

Keep Out of Debt.—Debt is the severest task-master. A person in debt is a doomed man. He is shunned and despised; the very dogs bark at him as he passes along. A man in debt feels like a villain of the first magnitude—and, what is worse, he feels there is no help for him. He does not dare to ask a favor, or refuse to bow and smile at his independent neighbor. If you are out of debt, young man, keep clear of its meshes. You had better do anything—read or write books—stare about or edit a newspaper—do anything, but don't fall in debt. Shun the monster as you would shun a constable, the devil in a deputy tax collector. Debt spreads the sky in smoke, and drives a horrible pit before you—clouds the atmosphere—darkens the sun—destroys the harmony of nature—converts beauty and bloom to moulds and cobwebs—drives health from the cheek, peace from the heart, and makes the world a vast charnel-house of wailing sinners, broken homes and crying orphans. Who would not keep out of debt? If you have any self-respect, hope for an atom of peace or desire one moment's rest—avoid being in debt. Come not under its iron wing. Enter not its adamantine jaw. Run from it as you would from plague, pestilence, and the horrors of the blackness of darkness.

Awful Revelations.—The Washington correspondent of the Jackson Mississippiian thus writes:

A sickening sensation has been created by the discoveries made of the whole of the perjuries committed by witnesses of the Government during the trial of the conspirators against the life of Mr. Lincoln. The Consul General of Canada and others are out in print, showing that in most material matters the loyalty of the witnesses by which Judge Hill sought to establish the existence of a conspiracy extending from Jefferson Davis to Atzeroot, knowingly and wickedly swore falsely. A feeling of horror and shame is creeping over the community, and the doubts that always did haunt in many minds as to the guilt of Mary E. Surratt, is being intensified into a faith in her innocence. Indications of foul play are constantly creeping out, and added to the strange liberation of Clement C. Clay, are forcing upon the community the existence of a conspiracy against him and Davis. No one as yet has dared to name the chief of these conspirators, but the time is fast coming when impatient of such a stain on the national honor and civilization of the country, it will no longer be withheld.

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